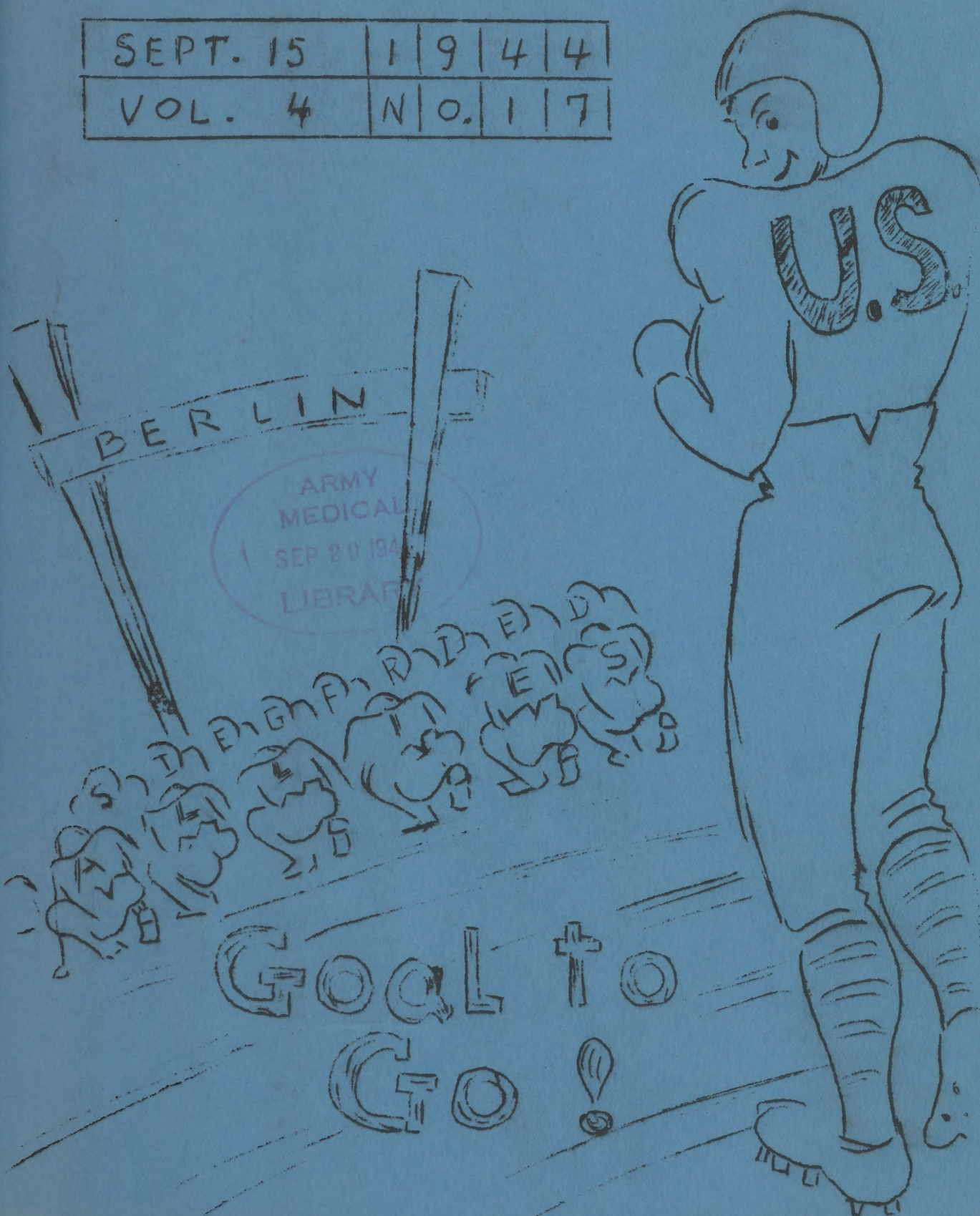


TILTON TALK

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TILTON MAN RECEIVES COMMISSION

On 11 September 1944, Paul J. Gordon, formerly a member of the enlisted personnel of the Tilton General Hospital Laboratory, was sworn in by Lt. E. A. Howard, Adjutant, as a 2nd Lieutenant in the Sanitation Corps, under direct commission.

Lt. Gordon was inducted in the Army in August 1942, and had served as an enlisted man for two years and sixteen days when he won officer status. He is a native of Manchester, New Hampshire, twenty-five years of age, and attended the University of New Hampshire, where he majored in zoology and biological science.

The newly-commissioned Lieutenant arrived at Tilton General Hospital in December of 1943, and was immediately assigned to the Laboratory. Prior to that, he was stationed for eleven months at Lovell General Hospital, Fort Devens, Massachusetts, and spent five months as a technician in a hospital ship platoon.

At present Lt. Gordon is home on leave, and upon his return to Tilton, will receive orders for a new assignment. He will be sorely missed by all of us, and especially by his colleagues in the laboratory, but he departs from our midst with our very best wishes for a happy and successful future.

DEDICATION OF PLACQUE TO TGH PATIENTS



The Hotel Penn on South Clinton Avenue, Trenton, was the scene on September 11th of an impressive ceremony, when a plaque was unveiled by Mayor Andrew J. Duch of that city in honor of the members of the Purple Heart Club.

The Purple Heart Club is comprised of 22 Tilton General Hospital patients, all of whom have been injured in action overseas and were awarded the Purple Heart. These soldiers were frequent visitors of the Hotel Penn during their stay at Tilton, and under the sponsorship of Miss J. V. Mars, President Manager of the hotel, organized the club.

Since the formation of this club, several of its members have been transferred to other General Hospitals, and a few have been discharged from the service, but they continue to keep in touch with each other, and plan to hold frequent reunions after the war.

Those members of the Purple Heart Club who are still patients at Tilton attended the dedication ceremony, as well as the boys who have been transferred to England General Hospital, and one returned from furlough in order to be present. The plaque contains the names of all 22 members.

Press photographers swarmed the Hotel Penn during the unveiling, and the entire proceedings were much publicized. The ceremony was an unusual one, as is the club itself, and everyone attending agreed that it was thoroughly enjoyable and inspiring. May you have many happy reunions in the future, Purple Heart Club, and may your members find the happiness and prosperity they richly deserve.

"ACHTUNG, MAC GREGOR, I'M COMIN' THROUGH THE RHINE!" BY PFC ALFRED TALCA

I was inducted into the service over 31 months ago and have never received a furlough. In that time I have received 2 three-day passes. Nothing else.

Now I don't mean to insinuate that the lack of time off has in any way affected me. But for the past few weeks I have noticed in me a strange symptom of senility. I find myself thinking of my induction shortly after Pearl Harbor and wondering whether I instilled a feeling of confidence in the hearts of civilians who saw me those days. I want desperately to believe I did, but have since been assured on reliable authority that I am the greatest single detriment to the sale of War Bonds since the false armistice of early November, 1918.

Then I think with pride how, after only eight months of lackadaisical service, I was zoomed to the rank of private first class -- a rank which is commensurate with lance corporal in the British Army. It is true that no one at Fort Monmouth called me lance corporal, but it was a pleasant thought to savor. In fact, I spent so much time savoring the thought and neglecting my work that people referred to me as The Reluctant Dragoon. Disney held an option on my life story but dropped it when I was awarded the good conduct ribbon in March, 1943.

But it is not my intention on these pages to rehash the hackneyed whimsies of military life. That field was more than adequately covered by Sgt. Marion Hargrove. Let it be sufficient to record that I have never been and probably never will be a good soldier. After I was disqualified from overseas service, my body was bruised and battered from one desk job to another and my only defense was a stubborn disregard of all Army Regulations and a sardonic neglect of military courtesy. You can see where it has got me.

Nevertheless, I have fallen into the habit of musing on past happenings during the days and dreaming of future triumphs at nights. One of those night affairs was so amazing that I felt obliged to set it down for you as accurately as I can remember it. As a prefatory footnote I would like to explain that I worked as a radio script writer in civilian life putting forth only a minimum of effort -- just enough to pay my weekly tabs. With the above background material I feel we are ready to go on with the tale.

As the dream began I was sitting at my desk in Warehouse Five at Tilton General Hospital when suddenly the phone rang. A terse voice announced that the War Department in Washington was calling.

"Can you be ready in twenty minutes," the voice asked tersely, "to board a plane?"

"I can be ready," I answered equally tersely.

"All right, then be ready."

Twenty minutes later a plane taxied to the entrance of the Warehouse and I stepped into it, tersely. With his lips set in a straight line and his flaps



"WITH HIS LIPS SET IN A STRAIGHT LINE AND HIS FLAPS DOWN,
THE PILOT TOOK OFF."

down, the pilot took off. Two minutes later he returned with a foolish grin on his face and this time took me and the plane with him.

Before I could repeat the second stanza of The Star Spangled Banner we landed at Le Bourget just outside Paris, France. I stopped at the Kitty Hawk Bar at the field only long enough to sip a double cointreau and the allons! we were off again -- but tersely. This time we climbed high, high into the stratosphere. At a given signal from the pilot (whose lips were still set in a straight line and flaps down), I stepped through the open door and began plummeting earthward. As I plummet earthward I would like to take this opportunity of giving a brief history of my life and of the Tom Swift books that came before this. (ED NOTE: Go on with the tale, you GI Rover Boy.)

To give you an idea of how high we were when I jumped, examine yourself this: When I left the plane I was clean shaven; when I landed on a dusty road on the outskirts of Berlin it was night and I had a three-day growth on my face.

Imagine yourself my embarrassment. There I was just outside Berlin, Ger-

many; I didn't have an overnight pass, there were no blades in my razor, and an MP was fast approaching on a bicycle. Ordinary MPs have never bothered me. But it was slightly different this time in that this MP was a Nazi in a German uniform. Obviously an enemy.

I didn't move a muscle. The German approached with his gun at ready. Ten paces away from me he halted.

"The password," he barked tersely, "what is der password?"

I looked at him straight in the eye. I spoke calmly but tersely. "Ach-
tung, MacGregor, I'm comin' through the Rhine!"

"That's right," he acknowledged sadly, his face falling badly. "I change it every day, but no one ever misses."

I felt sorry for him. "Why," I suggested, "why don't you say it is wrong even when someone gets it right? Then you could shoot the guy if it so pleased your fancy."

"I never thought of that," he said brightening up.

But I had no desire to make conversation with the Nazi. I picked up my toothbrush and started to move away. The poor devil looked at me with a hang-dog expression on his face.

"You...." he hesitated, "you wouldn't by some good fate have an American cigarette, would you?"

"Sure, bum."

By chance I had my Boy Scout Handy Cornsilk Pack in my pocket for just such an emergency. I whipped it out and rolled a cigarette for the Nazi. The gratitude on his face tempted me to repeat the slogan of the company that manufactures the Boy Scout Handy Cornsilk Pack. And so as I walked off into the sun rising over Berlin I murmured softly: "T--S-----S--N--A--F--U-----T--S-----S--N--A--F--U-----T--S-----"

I shall have to skip the part where I met the German maiden who was looking on her doorstep for the ersatz milk (there was no doorstep, of course.... American bombers, y'know) because, well, because I managed somehow to get a shower and shave and, uh, and besides, I am not ersatz!

However, at about five o'clock that evening I found myself standing at the bar of the Adlon Hotel on Unter den Linden. I had visited 37 book shops, I had asked for everything from Ilya Ehrenburg's "The Fall of Paris" to the Munich telephone book of 1926, but not one shopkeeper acknowledged my subtle allusions to the underground. In fact, some of them looked at me with startled glances and announced tersely that their shops were closed for the duration.

But now I was struck with a sudden wonderful idea. The bartender at the Adlon was wearing a red rose behind his right ear. Could he....perhaps....

"Eine kleine Old Fashioned," I demanded tersely.

When I received the drink I removed the swizzle stick and carefully stirred the contents of the glass with my third finger, left hand. The bartender

gasped, removed his coat, removed his rose, removed himself, and appeared suddenly on my side of the bar. We were whispering heatedly when a Prussian officer in full dress uniform stepped up to us, clicked his heels, and bowed smartly from the waist.

"Mein herr," he said to my new friend, "will you do me the honor of dancing with me?"

"Nein," said my friend. The officer clicked his heels again, bowed again, and returned to his table. We went back to our heated conversation which by now was no more than slightly warmed over and we were just getting to some juicy detail when the Prussian officer returned, clicked his heels, bowed to me and said:

"Mein herrless(ED NOTE: I am balding), will you do me the honor of dancing with me?"

"Nein," I said, sucking my meerschaum spitze contentedly.

The officer was nettled. "Why not?" he asked.

"Because," I answered petulantly, "you asked my friend first!"

I lowered my eyes to await an appreciative chuckle from my new friend. When I looked up again he was in the center of the dance floor doing a slow rhumba with the Prussian officer.

Realizing that I was completely on my own now, I decided that my best plan would be to contact someone who was in the radio game there in Berlin...But how?

By chance two men took seats next to me at the bar and began to converse volubly between steins of beer. As near as I can recall, this is what they said (note the sly phrases that gave me the hints I needed):

"Du verfluchter Schweinehund," said the first happily, "Kreutz-Donner wetter noch ein mal I. J. FOX FIFTH AVENUE, zum teufel mit Deutschland, Scheiss Hitler!"

"Ach," the second nodded sagely, "Du Lieber Himmel NBC RADIO CITY. Das ist eine Schweinerei, Wir siegen uns zu Tode. Es Lebe unser Fuehrer JELLO WITH THE SIX DELICIOUS FLAVORS."

"So eine Gemeinheit. Hurrah des deutsche Volk. Fünf Liter Bier mit Sauer Kraut. PEPSI COLA HITS THE SPOT. Aber, Duetschland Uber Alles PAUSE FOR STATION IDENTIFICATION."

"Aw, shtunk!"

So I paid the check and hurried down the street to the local Berlin radio station. The place, of course, was a beehive of propaganda broadcasts. There was such confusion, in fact, that three announcers were on the air at the same time with propaganda messages to the peoples of Luxembourg, Argentina and the Duchy of Flatbush. The net result sounded like a scratchy record of the Andrews Sisters imitating John Charles Thomas (ED NOTE: That's one guy, not 3!).

I found a typewriter and went to work on the greatest script ever written. In ten minutes I had somehow dashed off a brilliant twenty minute oration that would electrify the entire world. An amazing series of events then followed in rapid succession. I can't explain any of them.

I was glancing at my speech, making several deletions and changes. When

the room darkened as in obeisance to some deity. As soon as the lights came up again I gasped in amazement. For there, right before me, was a radio control room just like the ones back at Radio City, New York. But most startling of all was that the face of Adolph Hitler loomed through the control room window, purple with rage, screaming apoplectically.

As far as I could gather, there was some material in my speech that Hitler dared not have the world hear, but what it was I couldn't understand. There wasn't time to read my speech over; I was due to go on the air in less than a minute on a world-wide hookup. I was about to speak to the largest audience in the history of mankind. Translators were standing by to relay my speech in 26 different languages. Hitler was frantic, Storm Troopers were everywhere but could not get at me in the studio.

At last the hands of the clock swung around to sixty, the announcer put on a brief transcribed announcement about Super Suds -- and I was on the air! I gave it the slow Quentin Reynolds treatment, but there were definite overtones of excitement and history-shattering gravity.

"People of the world," I began, speaking very slowly, "this is a soldier of the Army of the United States speaking to you. My name is Alfred Palca, Private First Class, serial number 32209644, inducted February 10, 1942, on a cold, raw Tuesday morning. I remember it was cold because I met a fellow on the subway who was from my draft board and he said to me, 'Say, Palca, isn't it cold out today!'"

"As I speak to you now the Armies of Liberation march relentlessly toward this city from which I am broadcasting, this capital of filth and fascism, this mecca of murderers, this cesspool of subhumans, this Berlin.

"I would like to take this opportunity to say hello to my Mother and Father. Hello, Mom! Hello, Pop! Feeling fine, be home soon.

"Facing me at this moment, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the arch criminal of them all, Adolph Hitler. This Narcissus of Nordics is no longer the swaggering, boastful bully of 1938, 1939, 1940. This cringing human appears before me now in all the despicable humility of guilt. The world well knows the filth and suffering this man has caused for all humanity in our time.

"But I am the only person in the world who is aware -- and can tell you -- that Adolph Hitler, Fuehrer of all Germany, is none other than----"

I went on like that for nineteen and a half minutes revealing the most amazing information ever heard. As a final touch I said: "And now I bring you beautiful music, the most beautiful music the peoples of the earth can hear today -- the music of liberation."

With that I threw open the windows and brought in the rumble of American tanks as they raced through the streets of Berlin. A GI walked into the studio, seized the babbling maniac, Hitler, and yelled "Hello, Al," to me. "Hya, Charlie," I answered, "nice work."

I was about to wrap up my speech and leave the studio when a Western Union boy ran in with a telegram for me. I gave the boy my autograph and tore open the message. It read:

"You just missed out on ten day furlough. Report back for duty immediately or be considered AWOL." (Signed) Capt. Jack Messey, Commanding Officer.

PORTRAIT OF A HERO

BY TEC/5 ANN PIMPINELLI

A Flying Fortress dropped its bombs on the Blue Danube Iron Gate in Yugoslavia, circled slowly under the pale blue June sky and turned its nose for home. Not long afterwards the giant plane landed at a secret base in England and T/Sgt. Frank Fitzpatrick stepped down -- his 50th mission completed. For Sgt. Fitzpatrick one phase of the war was over. A scant few miles away from the base thousands of men, ships and planes were smashing across the English Channel onto the shores of Normandy beginning a new phase of the war, a final phase of the war for Germany. It was D-day, June 6, 1944.

Sgt. Fitzpatrick is a boy who hails from Buffalo, N.Y. He was radio operator and gunner on an AAF B-17 Flying Fortress with the 15th Army Air Force. Recently he became a member of his squadron's "Half Hundred" club, an organization of officers and enlisted men who have flown 50 or more missions.

Fitzpatrick's first "business" trip over Europe took him to Bremen, Germany. Afterwards he played an active part in missions over Italy, France and the Balkans.

His greatest experience occurred on January 30, 1944, while participating in a mission over Brunswick, Germany. At an altitude of about 33,000 feet the gigantic fort went out of control, spinning its way earthward. The wind screamed by the plane, the altimeter dropped crazily, the men of the crew blacked out. Five thousand, ten thousand, twenty thousand feet the plane plummeted downward.

Somehow, through God's blessing, these men were able to gain control of themselves and of their plane in time to face a great air battle with the enemy below. Fitzpatrick shot down three ME 109 German fighter planes. He now wears the Air Medal with five oak leaf clusters.

As a result of the Rotation Plan now in effect overseas Fitzpatrick was fortunate in being able to return to the States unscathed by the ravages of war. He hopes now to be sent to OCS to become a communications officer. At present Sgt. Fitzpatrick is a patient in Ward 8 at Tilton.

Hats off to you, Fitz!

GUYS AND GALS

I've tried so awfully hard to sleep,
I've even counted all the sheep;
But somehow they don't listen to me.
Gosh! Guess it must be Reveille!

Let me go back to dream again
Of things and stuff that made us men,
When we knew gals we wanted to,
The ones who really were true blue.

Somehow, though feeling rather low,
Though some might say, "I told you so,"
Our gals are really with us yet,
They're not the type who do forget.

Did I dream all of my ideas?
The gals, their loves, yes, even their
tears?
Gosh, must have, cause it seems to me....
That noise was really "Reveille."



QUACK=QUACK

It's been a big week for the TURNBULLS what with the son and heir home from the Texas wars on a furlough.....How come you weren't so WActive this trip, Bud?.....that Memphis influence, perhaps!!!

There was a goodly turnout for the dance a Saturday or two back and the goose hung high....MENARD and SANNER making a farewell appearance through the courtesy of the SGO and FREDIANI a 'hopin'.....DOUG MUNNIKHUYSEN being congratulated on his rise to Lieutenant (j.g.) and his lovely wife BETTY also receiving congratulations - of a little different nature.....BETTY BROWN making the COLONEL slap his face over her "cat calls"....the absence of MARTY LELLY sick in the hospital (not until the crane passer was hung, however).....ROSEMARY FREDIANI sporting a scrumptious tan from her awol which sure did her worlds of good.....ANNE OETTING back from Chicago and just abeamin'.....STEVE MARTIN back in the doghouse.....and as usual EVERYONE had a good time.

That SGO is breaking up that old gang of mine.....FREDIANI is still singing the same song but with slight variations.....

A huntin' I will go
A huntin' I will go
But not for pheasants, quail or doe
...They have gotten much too slow
Now for me Big Game is a must
I'm aiming high - Hirohito or BUST!!!

Anyone wishing to place orders with FREDDY for those Jap skulls better get a move on.

A big time was had by all (the Dental Staff and three crashers) at the bangup farewell party thrown for CHARLIE SANNER at Mario's in Wrightstown. The food was out of this world....the company most entertaining....the juke-box loud....patter and noise was furnished by FREDIANI, a dentist for the night, and he was at his best....LT. ZION nearly swallowed his stogie when presented with the check, but it was all in fun. Charlie outdid himself in a few well-chosen words which brought the dinner to a close....and to this we add - We hate to see you go, Charlie; you've been here a long time and are truly one of the old timers, but we'll be ascein' you..

What is pie without cheese
What is a kiss without a squeeze
What is Tilton goin' to be
Without Rosemary and Alex Frediani?

So long Charlie, Ollie, and "Juice"-----today I'm just a very SAD DUCK.

WHISPERS

S/Sgt. Eddie Judge

Nice seein' Bud Turnbull, who is back for a visit to his "old stampngrds" all the way from Texas....No drawl or ten gallon hat....

A new candidate for the title, "Miss Tilton".... Alvah Royce....A brunette Betty Grable....

Don Brown, the best "needler" in the outfit....At the Dispensary....Don makes shots in the arm a "pleasure"....(sic)

Joe Sullivan is really a busy guy these days....Or nights....And I do mean busy!....

The John Cloughers' and the Danny Manfredos' are back on Post again.... Sounds funny for two newly married couples to be back "on Post", but there it is!....

Both hands full of telephone and doing a good imitation of an octopus.... Ruby Morris, at the Information Desk....

The cause of all that neck-craning one afternoon recently was the visit of Al DiLorenzo's two beautiful sisters....

Helen Hathaze, Surgical Office eye-filler, showing pics of her boy-friend, who is overseas, and not to be outdone, Pauline Rewago nostalgically bringing out some pictures of her hubby, also "Over There"....

A newsome twosome....Claire 'Pie' and Don Brown....

NICE GOIN' DEPT:.....John Haines and Tom Stuart were having dinner at a Trenton Cafe one evening, when they overheard some girls at the next table discussing who was the handsomest man in the room....After a survey of all the men there....You guessed it!....They agreed that "that cute guy at the next table is really somethin'!".... Tom Stuart, take a bow!!....

A letter from Al Ciaburri keeps us posted as to his progress at OCS.... Our little "Amigo" is now hospitalized with a torn ligament....Tough luck, Al, but "Up and at 'em!"....

One of the reasons for "eyes left" as one passes the Personnel Office on the way into the Hospital is eye-opener Ruth Hencken....

If you are in the least bit interested in novel electrical displays, don't miss the "House of Magic" Show on the 4th of October, in the Patients' Recreation Hall, at 3:30 PM....Shaking hands with your own shadow, starting and stopping a toy electric train by the sound of your voice, "seeing" a musical note, and lighting a bulb with a match are just a few of the startling effects....

ECO DEPT:....From this column of March 15th, 1944:...."On this block there no less than 16 restaurants serving a variety of food that is astounding in its wide scope....Walk up one side and down the other, and you'll find American, Russian, Hindu, Greek, Italian, French, Chinese and Jewish, and, of course, Sea Food and "Strictly Vegetarian".....

From Walter Winchell, September 12th, 1944:...."49th St., between 6th and 7th, has 32 restaurants with 16 types of cuisine".....

Keep your ears listening for a new band sensation that will be tops in the ork world within a year....Johnny Richards....Caught this outfit at a rehearsal, and it really swings....

Casey gained a pound last week....New diet!....

Mike McCarroll's son in for a visit from Colorado.....The reason for that big smile of our genial Top Kick....

Vince Lenzo still has his ear glued to the ground for confirmation of rumors that men over 35 will soon be discharged from service....

Torch still flaming for his Trenton bride-to-be....Jack Schwartzer and his "in-a-fog" grin....

Ken Scoca having the time of his life picking winners....and losers....on paper.....

Is a certain blonde the cause of that "feud" between John Corradino and Harry Miller??....And do they know they have a rival nicknamed "Shoeless"???....

Listening to torchy ballads in the Joint Day Room any night....Marie Ives and Rupert McDonald....

FLASH!...."Pop" Combs getting a new set of "choppers" any day now....Watch him start "Wolfin"!....

What goes with all those letters Frank Wojciethowski receives from a "Young Ladies' Society" 'way out in Missouri?....

"Beach-head" Salerno is getting a fine reputation in all territory within fifty miles as the "Tilton Casanova"....

Vince Clark back in form again....With a new set of batteries....

Stork still hovering over the Sid Lillienbergs!...



RED CROSS NEWS

A "RED-CROSSTIC"

A for Angels of Mercy, which we're supposed to be.
M is for Miles of wards from one to one-o-three.
E can stand for Everything that we are trained to do:
Recreation, Social work, handle problems, too.
I is for the Itch we have to try some new things here.
C is Come along, you men; there's nothing here to fear.
A is All the staff we have that's at your beck and call.
N means there's Next to Nothing we can't do for you-all.

Really we do welcome you to all our houses three;
Every man can come along and Everything is free;
Don't you want to play some pool, or see a picture show?

Come right along and have some fun; we're always on the go--
Ready here to cheer you up, at least to sympathize,
Or to have a game or q uiz, where you can win a prize.
S is for the Special things we're thinking of to do,
Such as go to football games and other parties, too.

T is for the Time all day our buildings now are yours:
If you want, you can stay now from 9 to 9 -- 12 hours.
L is for the Lousy Rhyme in that Last Line of mine.
T is for the Trouble that it Takes to make a rhyme.
O is Off we go again; we'll have another try.
Never mind the way it rhymes; who wants to be G.I.?

G is for the Grizzly Grouch whom we will try to cheer--
Everlasting Griper, who likes to chew your ear.
Never mind complaining; there's always fun for all.
Every day we've something in the Recreation Hall.
R is for the Rmy, whom we are here to serve.
A is All the times that they have thought we had a nerve:
Laughingly we've rushed on in where angels fear to tread--

Happy fools--although sometimes, our faces are quite red.
Often we can help you if there's something troubling you;
So come on in and see if there is something we can do.
P is for Peculiar--the way that we would feel
If there was nothing here for us to do with all our zeal.
Thankful are we always that you keep us on the run,
Always keep us busy; that way it's much more fun.
L is for the Last Word that we want to Leave with you:

WE'LL BE SEEING YOU, AND YOU, AND YOU, AND YOU, AND YOU!!!

BX Special Request

In the last issue of TILTON TALK we did an original take-off on Cole Porter's "I Love You," kidding the lyrics in a good-natured vein. This week, by popular demand (thank you, Mother), we are repeating the gag. The number we have selected this time is the lovely Jerome Kern-Ira Gershwin "Long Ago and Far Away" which has such a hauntingly beautiful melody. The lyrics, too, have been haunting us. To wit:

"Long ago and far away..."

How long ago and how far away? These songs are never specific, so we'll have to guess the time and place. The time was 1926 ("long ago") and the place was Kansas City, Missouri ("far away", plenty far away).

"...I dreamed a dream one day
And now the dream is here beside me."

Get a load of that. The guy is sleeping in a flophouse in Kansas City back in 1926 and dreams of a five-horse parlay and it's only paying off now, eighteen years later.

"...Long the skies were overcast
But now the clouds have past..."

Which, of course, means a fast track at Jamaica.

"You're here at last..."

Look, friend, we established that two lines back. Let's get on with the story.

"Chills run up and down my spine..."

Chills won't even finish in the money if he keeps running in that direction.

"...Alladin's Lamp is mine..."

So Alladin's Lamp came in. Wonder what he paid?

"...the dream I dreamed was not denied me..."

Whatsa matter, friend, are you imitating a broken record?

"Just one look and then I knew..."

Wh! The fifth horse in the parlay is rounding the turn into the home stretch!

"That all I longed for, long ago, was you."

WASTONAL 1953

By Texs Pearl J. Jackson

Like the old darky who once remarked, "I don' believe in ghosts, but I don' wanna be where dey is," so none of us takes seriously the predictions and judgments of the Ouija Board. But few there are who can refuse an invitation to sit down, place the fingers on the little magnetic dial, and pose questions of all kinds to be answered at the discretion of the benevolent and oftentimes humorous "spirits" which graciously oblige. Their prophecies are usually greeted with squeals.

Apparently there is as much disagreement and contraversion among the inhabitants of the spirit world as there is here on our mundane plane, for the answers to such queries as "When will the war end?", "When will I be mustered out?", "When will Al come home?", "How many children will I have?", "Will I ever make PFC?", etc., offer a variety of conflicting information.

However, the results of a one-woman scientific investigation conducted here at Tilton disclose the following pertinent facts: (1) The war with Germany will end in the latter part of October. (2) Japan will be defeated February 5th. (3) The Wacs will be mustered out according to their own point system. (4) Hitler will commit suicide shortly after the fall of Germany. (5) Bea Friedberg will go to China to aid in the rehabilitation of Chinese orphans. (6) Mary Brophy will have five children. (7) A girl's best friend is her mother.

The Ouija further reveals that many of Tilton's Wacs will go overseas, and when asked what we'd be doing over there, the spirit (comedian) replied, "Oh Mamma!!!"

Having partaken not wisely but too well of pizza pie one evening last week immediately prior to retiring, your correspondent fell victim to the inevitable---a G.I. nightmare. Civilian nightmares are bad enough, but G.I. nightmares are out of this world. (We tend toward the supernatural this week, don't we?) There ensues a brief resume of said nightmare:

It is 1954. On the site formerly occupied by Tilton General there has been erected Tilton City, a flourishing metropolis of 10,000 inhabitants. So many of the personnel of TGH were reluctant to leave the old stomping grounds after the war, with all its poignant memories and happy associations, that they elected to remain here as civilians, and found a city.

The Hon. Michael McCarroll is Mayor, holding forth at the sumptuous Municipal Building on Stacey Square, at the intersection of Saxe Street, Messey Avenue and Lineman Blvd. McCarroll is a political boss, though of a benevolent variety, and no one has dared liken him to Hague. The legislation he has enacted has all been of a nature to endear him to the taxpayers, such as 4-day weekends for all civil service employees, and Saturday night dances at the Cecil Miller Pavilion, world-famous for its smooth floor, lack of dust, and the music of Tenk's Troubadours.

The Municipal Building also houses the offices of Attorney General Daniel V. Trecca, who is being boosted as a second Tom Dewey, in view of his spectacular record in cleaning up Gentile's Gang of notorious racketeers, Sachs' Swindlers, who monopolized the asparagus trade; and Frame's Phonies, riotous hecklers at all athletic events.

Magistrate Marie Keppel is located on the third floor, near the headquarters of Police Chief Witko. (Witko succeeded Sheriff Rogmann, who declined re-appointment in favor of a position with Roeblings.) Postmaster General Norvell occupies a small office in the loft, where he personally inspects every piece of incoming mail.

On Terhune Turnpike one encounters Bray's Burleycue, where for the admission price of two bits, one may view everything from "The Mikado" to Eddie Judge's Cuties of 1954. Beer and pretzels are dispensed to the customers between the acts by Floyd Spencer, who nightly yells "That's all!!!" as soon as the curtain is rung down, to the disapproval of several hundred frustrated theatre-goers. Many cabs line the pike after the show, by courtesy of Barr's Taxi Service, all of them being 1910 Fords. What was once a whim is now a vocation. (Phew!) Justice Holzapel once ruled these vehicles off the street, but Barr is influential in McCarroll's Machine.

Tilton City boasts of a thriving business center, dominated by a 10-story edifice, Fultonberg's Emporium, whose slogan is: "Six percent less at Macy's; seven percent less at Fultonberg's". Superintendent of the salesgirls at Fultonberg's is Albert Pels, whose policy on time off is "One Day Per Month, and you're lucky to get it." Mr. Casserino, who took the job for the exercise, is chief floor walker, and Miss Alice Haglund handles the customers' complaints. She was hired on the theory that after one look at her, the customer has no complaint.

Popular among Tilton City's eating establishments is Killian's Kitchen, where the patrons use tin trays for old-times' sake, and are seated according to sex; Silverstein's Smorgasbord, fancy Scandinavian cuisine; Pimpinelli's Chop House, where the whole steak is tenderloin; and Crastnopol's Spaghetti Palace, specializing in Sid's own tomato pies. Cantore's Cafeteria graces the corner of Springer Street, for those who wish a quick snack and don't mind fly specks on the wall; and for coffee and crullers in the wee hours, there's always Nopoulos' Bar and Grill.

Here and there about Tilton City one is apt to be hounded by a street photographer, who quickly snaps ones phiz and thrusts a card into ones fist. Upon closer inspection, this individual turns out to be Larry Becker, still wedded to his Kodak. Another pair of inseparables are the renowned Kramer twins, ward heelers of the McCarroll Machine. Leonard Marcus is Sanitation Commissioner, having won the post as a result of a political deal involving paving stones, and it was only through the expert technical advice of Mr. Shanks that he escaped a legal trial.

The Tilton City Morgue, most hygienic in the State, is under the able direction of Professor Robert Yaeger, who is in the midst of a campaign for a dozen new refrigerators, a crime wave having recently swept the city. The Morgue employees, along with all the other technicians, meet daily for lunch at the Hays' Pharmacy, where there's no extra charge for toast, and you can have both mustard and mayonnaise if you so desire.

The local pub, "Willie's Wile-Away", with tables for ladies in the rear, is owned and operated by Willie Warne. Everybody who is anybody in Tilton City has at some time or other passed out through the swinging portals of the "Wile-Away. The piano is played nightly by Jack Schwartzner, who wears a derby and checkered vest, and sentimental ballads are rendered by Pop Combs, the singing waiter.

The charming residential section of town was designed by the Henon Architectural Associates, and rows of lovely little bungalows and rose-covered cottages lend an atmosphere of romance and young love. Scores of happy children roller-skate merrily down the tree-lined streets, and are lulled to sleep each night by the delightful stories told to them by their parents of the wonderful years at hallowed old Tilton General. The little tykes all wear embroidered caducei on their diapers, for the sake of sentiment, and teeth on tongue depressers.

(Continued on next page)



THE MAIL SACK

PARCEL POST PACKAGES FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND NORTHERN IRELAND: Effective as of 21 March 1944, the following instructions shall govern the acceptance of parcel post packages for Great Britain and Northern Ireland:

1. Parcel Post packages will be divided into two classes, namely, bona fide unsolicited gift parcels, and all other parcels.
2. Bona fide unsolicited gift parcels addressed to individuals.- All such parcels must be endorsed by the sender with the words "Unsolicited Gift." They may not exceed 5 pounds in weight nor contain more than two pounds of any one food stuff, and they must not be sent oftener than once each calendar month to the same addressee. A gift is not regarded by the British Service as "unsolicited" if it is received as a result of some prior communication sent by the recipient to the donor. Gift parcels not complying with these conditions will be liable to seizure by the British Customs Authorities.
3. All other parcels.- All acceptable merchandise not sent as an unsolicited gift will be admitted into the United Kingdom only under a license which the importer must obtain from the Import Licensing Dept. of the Board of Trade, London, England.

AIR MAIL RATES: The postage rate on air mail for delivery within the United States is eight cents per ounce. This domestic rate applies to all air mail addressed to both civilians and members of the armed forces within this country.

The postage rate on air mail for members of the armed forces overseas is six cents per half ounce. This applies to letters addressed to any member of the armed forces overseas who receives his mail through an Army or Navy Post Office, that is, to all who have an A.F.O. or F.P.O. number as part of their overseas addresses.

--- Sgt. John Bray

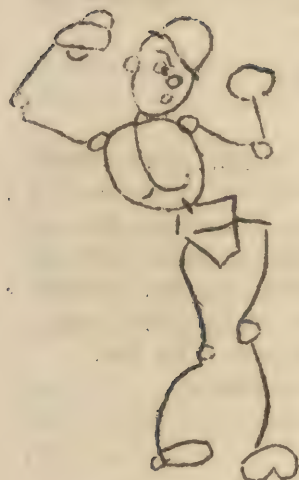
Actual Facts - cont.

Your correspondent is strolling gayly along on her way to the Lipkin Bank and Trust Company to transact a financial negotiation (she now earns \$66 per week instead of per month, as in the good old days), when who should step out of the doorway of that reliable institution but Colonel Bette Alter! In our haste to salute Col. Alter, we poked our thumb in our eye, and were thereby rudely awakened (before the Colonel had the opportunity to return the salute), to find ourselves snugly ensconced in our own little G.I. cot in Barracks #6, the year being 1944, the war still being fought, Reveille but 20 minutes away, and the same old problems confronting us.

We have gorged on cheese sandwiches and tomato pies every night since, in an endeavor to continue the nightmare, and perhaps attend a performance at Bray's Burleycue and a party at the Cecil Miller Ravillion, but our trusty stomach has been doing a praiseworthy job of digestion, and we sleep like a babe, awakening at dawn feeling refreshed and rejuvenated.

(Note: Any similarity in names, etc., is purely intentional.)-

O.T. NEWS



by THE ELY H. FRIEDMAN

LADIES & GENTLEMEN

A New Photography class starts on September 26th. It's the first of its kind at Tilton and will take place on Tuesdays and Thursdays between 2 and 4 P.M. in Barracks 3.

Miss Mary Steers, member of the American Women's Voluntary Services, will instruct. Her technical background in the field makes her more than capable for the job. She has had experience with the Army Corps of Engineers and is under the direction of Miss Josephine Kerrick, the National Director of War Service Photography of the A.W.V.S., with headquarters in N.Y.

This is the first Army General Hospital to inaugurate such classes, Naval Hospitals and Army Air Corps Convalescent Hospitals having started such classes only recently. (For more information see below)

Two newcomers have joined the workshops recently. Miss B. Gold, a Brooklyn gal, graduate of Milwaukee-Downer College of Occupational Therapy, is attached to the workshop as a student. She claims that she is not a career girl, but just waiting for the right guy.

Miss B. Arnold, the other lovely addition to the staff, hails from Boston (the Haaavaahd accent). She's a graduate of the Philadelphia School of O.T. and specializes in functional occupational therapy. This is her first experience with the Army and like Miss Gold is just waiting for the right guy.

A total of 264 bushels of produce has already been delivered to the Hospital messes. There will be more coming up before the season's end. Farmer Brooks is on a D.S. and Cpl. Charles Turley is pinch-hitting.

PHOTOGRAPHY (cont.) These classes will be supplemented with practice work in the O.T. Darkroom. Patients are requested to register for classes at the O.T. Shop and to bring their cameras, if available. Supplies will be furnished by the workshop.



NEVER MET the General

by Alfred Palca

In his column one day last week Bob Considine quoted Herbert Bayard Swope who, in turn was quoting Mark Twain. "No writer," Twain is purported to have said, "should use 'we' unless he is an editor or a man with a tapeworm." I hereby, therefore, renounce that "we" business on these pages, and say "I" from now on whenever I talk about me. Which is frequent.

&

I'd give the few remaining hairs on my head if I could be (or could have been) in France or Belgium or Germany these days with Patton's or Hodges' forces. I have a friend from my college days, Sgt. Bill Davidson, who is covering the liberation forces for Yank and I'd give a pretty to be with him or have his assignment. Bill was on the track team with me and took a place in the inter-collegiate championship hurdles in his senior year. I suppose he's hurdling hedges and dead Nazis as he moves forward with the American Third. He has written some darn fine pieces for Yank, by the way....worth reading.

&

About 187 shopping days gone since last Xmas....

&

Some people are talking about the possibility of the war with Germany ending on November 11th of this year. That's all right with us as long as the parallel with the last cessation of hostilities be carried no further. No Doorn, Holland for Adolph Hitler; no Versailles, no soft peace. Let's hit those *%##& Germans with the book this time!

&

I heard a gag in New York about a week ago that I fully intended to print in this issue of TILTON TALK. However, a few days after I heard it, Leonard Lyons, whose column appears in the New York Post, the Philadelphia Record and a syndicate of other newspapers throughout the country, used it before I could. So I decided not to print it.

&

I just now changed my mind.

&

Three women were sitting at a table in Lindy's, a New York restaurant. The waiter came along to take the order.

"I'll have a chicken sandwich on white," said the first woman.

"Huh," sniffed the waiter, "chicken! Everybody orders chicken. Tongue, now, tongue is a good red meat. Tongue has flavor."

"All right," said the woman, "make it tongue."

"And white bread," continued the waiter. "Is no body to white bread, only vitamins. Take better a bread with body, with strength -- a good slice rye bread."

"All right, make it tongue on rye."

The second woman looked up balefully. "I want a piece of Danish pastry toasted and a cup of coffee."

"Danish pastry toasted!" the waiter exclaimed. "Not four hours ago the pastry came in hot fresh and now you want it toasted!"

"All right, then, don't toast it."

"And coffee. Coffee keeps you awake. Coffee has caffenin in it, a drug. Better take milk."

"Make it milk."

The third woman decided to be tactful and not have any trouble. When the waiter asked her what she wanted she looked up at him and said:

"What would you suggest?"

"I should suggest?" the waiter screamed. "Whose got time for suggestions!"

&

Explanation Dep't.: About that headline on the lower half of Page Two. We originally intended to caption the story, "Cuttin' The Rug" (a dilly of a head, n'est-ce pas?), and suddenly realized that there was no rug in the mess hall. Yielding to our keenness for journalistic accuracy, we installed the present heading. A phone call (too late!) told us that the flooring in the mess hall is linoleum, not oilcloth. So if you'll tear off the last six inches of that page -- or a reasonably accurate facsimile thereof -- we'll be glad to refund double your money back...or a reasonably accurate facsimile thereof....

&

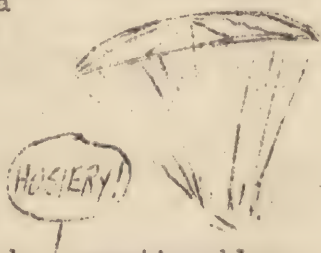
The wind -- yes THE WIND -- was blowing in all its fury, the rain was sweeping across the detachment area, the night was fast descending. There wasn't a soul in sight. And then, down one of the tent streets, Al Miller came strolling along, as nonchalant as you please, whistling a chorus of "The Breeze and I." The breeze indeed!

&

Several of the fellows have made tentative suggestions to me about putting in a department which might be known as "The Grippe Page" or "The Beef Department" or some other clever title (s). I like the idea and I feel certain that there are one or two things you may not like about Tilton or the Army in general. If you will send a few in to me -- and if they are printable -- I will be glad to give them an airing...what bothers you?

SIDELIGHTS - CNS

GOOD IDEA! (Southern France) - French women in this area were very happy when U. S. Fortresses dropped guns and supplies to the Maquis. They used the silk parachutes to make - uh, unmentionables.



GI'S CAN'T CONSUME NON-ALCOHOLIC DRINKS (Rome) - GIs here have been ordered to stop drinking non-alcoholic beverages. The reason is that typhoid and dysentery may easily be spread in drinks which do not contain in some form that well-known disinfectant - alcohol.

OFFICER CHECK HATS AT GI BEER PARTY (England) - Officers at a Flying Fortress Base here recently held a free beer party for the enlisted men under their command. Officers above the rank of captain were waiters. Second lieutenants checked hats.

TRANSPORT RUN TOO TOUGH FOR ACE - (Salt Lake City) - Major Richard Bong who shot down 27 Jap planes in the Southwest Pacific, passed through here in a commercial transport liner recently - and he wasn't happy about it. Major Bong was airsick.

WHAT HARD LEAVES! (Ft. Benning) Sgt. William Eller made a parachute landing in a clump of trees, then discovered to his pain that the clump

was camouflage for a concrete highway. He will live.

ASSAULT WITH POISON IVY - A DEADLY WEAPON (Yonkers) - When Pvt. Rowland Blinston, 22, came marching home from overseas paratroop service with a CDD, his girl friend gave him the gate. So Blinston rubbed poison ivy in her hair. Now Blinston is in jail on the complain of his ex-girl, who charges assault "with a deadly weapon."

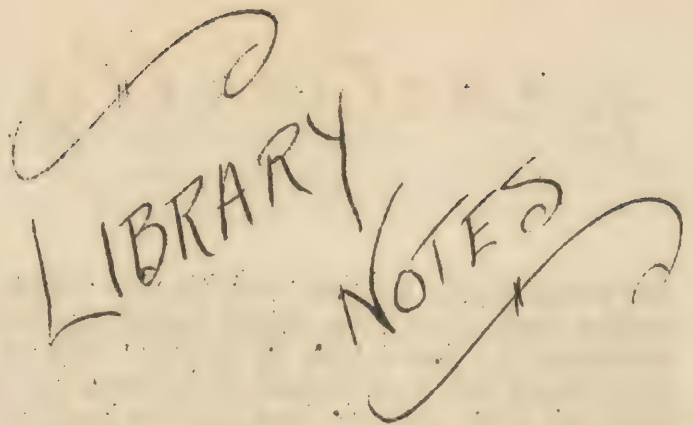
COLONEL GIVES WAC A RIDE ON HIS BIKE - (England) - Wac Bernice Higgins was walking along Piccadilly Circus when she met a Colonel from her home town in Nebraska. She saluted him smartly. "He returned the salute. They chatted for a minute and then the colonel took her riding - on the handlebars of his bicycle.

LAFF O' THE WEEK (New Guinea) - A Jap surrendered sheepishly to the two GIs on patrol. He explained that the aroma of Army chow finally wore down his resistance.

SOUTH SEA SIDELINE (Southwest Pacific) - Seabees housed in this theater have

found something profitable to do with their spare time. They are making grass skirts and selling them to the natives, who have found that the Seabees' skirts are better than the local product.





"Al Schacht's in town! When do I pitch?"

"As Clark Griffith had done a year before, he looked me up and down with considerable disdain in each eye.

"You ain't pitchin' here, son," he muttered. 'We play in Chicago tomorrow,

an' it is very windy there. If you get blown into Lake Michigan, who pays the funeral bill?"

"Normally, I am a gentle soul, but this was too much even for me. I got very rugged and yelled:

"You wire me to report.. I travel all day. I travel all night. You're not going to call me a midget and send me back without a trial. I'll pay my own way to Chicago. You'll pitch me tomorrow and give me a contract if I make good."

"He looked at me and shook his head sadly. 'Either you're nuts, or you can pitch. I'll take you for your gall alone. What can I lose?'

.....

"Sure enough, the jinx of the Schacht future reared its ugly head in the middle of the ball game. After a big parade of pitchers in the first five innings, and with the Chicago team leading by nine runs, they sent for me. Of course, the bases were loaded.

"When I walked to the box, with my rugged frame casting the shadow of an upholstered toothpick, I could see a half-dozen players reaching for their bats and licking their lips. The mob scene on the bases took extra long leads. The coaches started shouting about 'the return of Tom Thumb.' I didn't feel so good.

"Now, I am not the bragging type. I can take it or leave it alone, so let's look at the record. I have a genuine newspaper clipping of that ball game today and it shows that Alexander Schacht set some kind of world's record by striking out the next eight batters on twenty-five pitched balls.. Releasing all my pent-up ambitions in a single demonstration against threatening disaster, I finished the game with a record of eleven strike-outs against the fifteen batters who faced me.

"That tremendous feat reverberated through the league so hard that the entire structure collapsed, and the league disbanded a week later. As a matter of record, that was the last time I escaped unscathed with the bases loaded." *

*CLOWNING THROUGH BASEBALL, by Al Schacht.

practically anything

The prize story of this week at the 1245th Reception Center (that's the new number ever since Camp Upton Reception Center moved over to Dix) concerns the assistant in Chapel No. 2, one Cpl. Robert Bennett. Now Bob, though still a very young and very dapper gentleman, is as bald as the traditional billiard ball and much shipier, and all the hair he has consists of a narrow fringe across the back of his head. On Friday last the inspecting officer came around, as he does on every Friday and bald-headed Bob received a gig - for a dirty comb.

And bald heads brings to mind a story usually told by a similarly unadorned friend of ours who once complained to a barber that he thought it unfair to pay seventy five cents for a haircut when there was so little to remove. "That's just the trouble," said the barber. "As a matter of fact it should cost you more - look at all the time I have to spend looking for hair to cut!"

SGT. HERBERT MERRILL, whom many of you probably remember, since he was a Tilton patient for about a year, is making the camp newspapers again. He was transferred from here to Cushing General Hospital in Framingham, Massachusetts some months ago, since Cushing is closer to his home, and just yesterday we received a copy of "The Chart", which is that hospital's publication. There on the back page, in a two-column spread, was a picture of the Sergeant, with an appropriately laudatory piece about him beneath it. Sgt. Merrill has been in the Army since 1918 and has distinguished himself in battle on numerous occasions.

We see by one of the weekly newsmagazines that music is being considered as a therapeutic agent, in Army hospitals. Getting the boys together to play simple instruments like ocarinas and harmonicas helps their morale enormously, and we would imagine that more difficult instruments would be helpful in the exercise of various muscles which need retraining. At one hospital the introduction of music has become so popular that a small patients' orchestra has already been formed. Seems like a wonderful idea. Maybe we could do the same thing here if enough people were interested.

Another unusual curative measure to be taken in an Army Hospital is conducted at Oliver General - they're teaching the wounded men to dance! Not long-haired stuff with veils, and not anything as strenuous as tap, but regular ballroom dancing. Members of the class wear braces, some even use a crutch, but they're learning and they love it. A nice event to witness would be a party for patients with music supplied by a group like one of those mentioned above and the boys asking the nurses or the attendant Wa cs, "May I have the pleasure of the next waltz?"

It's a terrible gag, but they, meaning one Sgt. Koops of Texas who is on furlough, says it's popular in Chicago, and that's enough to make us homesick.

Practically Anything (cont.)

"Shortcake heap big Indian chief. Shortcake havum Indian squaw. Shortcake die. Squaw bury shortcake." You may now ask why anybody should even want to go near a place where such things are funny. Prejudice, that's all, just prejudice.

In these days of high pressure salesmanship a little bit of truth in advertising is most unusual. But a record of candidness was set by a real estate dealer in Tulsa, Oklahoma, who was trying to get rid of a house. "It has ratty decorations," he admitted, "the roof leaks and so does the basement."

The most amusing advertising, though, appears in the Saturday Review of Literature, where you see things like these:

MANHATTAN AUTHOR promises fun, beer, skittle and pay to a youngster who will take dictation directly on typewriter five afternoons a week. Man or woman. Hours to suit. Reply in full. Box 85-K.

or

PENNSYLVANIAN, bereft of illusions, but vibrant, needs a feminine correspondent. Box 91-K.

or

GENTLEMAN with pain in neck from noisy, stupid city with its synthetic, smiling faces, seeks week-end place one hour from New York. Nature, silence, freedom, preferred to "delightful meals with lovely surroundings." Box 88-K.

Anybody interested may write to the appropriate addresses. And if your tastes are slightly different just come around and borrow the editor's latest copy of the Saturday Review. There's sure to be something even better among the ads we did not quote.

The MP's may or may not believe this story, but it really did happen. When enlisted men at WAAF, Waco, Texas, threw a squadron party recently, thirty-six flying officers on the field volunteered for post guard duty so that all members of the guard squadron could attend. It was the first time in the history of the post that all the MP's could attend a squadron affair simultaneously and the officers who stood the 12-hour duty will now be included in their nightly prayers. Sure they pray in Texas - probably to be sent someplace else.

TRIVIA...Flowers in the mess hall. The tight little bunches of bright fall flowers sitting in the mild bottles on the mess hall tables make quite a difference. Now all we need is for Occupational Therapy to complete the window trimmings which they are making. When that happens you'll probably need a drag with the head waiter (with who???) to get in...Cpl. Pearl Jackson having fits of housecleaning enthusiasm in the PRO office and throwing out anything that looked as though it didn't belong...^{question} of the last fortnight - Why does Warehouse 5 get cheated of its legitimate share of the ice delivery, especially on hots days? All contributions which will enable us to hire a more reliable ice man will be gratefully accepted.

HERE & THERE AROUND TILTON

HEARTS AND FLOWERS - Master Dan Cupid should put in a claim to the War Labor Board for overtime pay for his work at Tilton. Within the very recent past there were three all-Tilton weddings, and we hear lovely little rumors about more. As a matter of fact there may be one by the time this goes to press. The three which have already taken place are those of Sarah Gibbs to Harold Hargesheimer, Doris Martin to Jack Clougher and Ruth Sullivan to David Manfredo. We aren't telling about the next couple.

WAC DETACHMENT #3 PUTTING ON THE RITZ - The gals in Wac Detachment #3, over at the Annex, are moving out of barracks and into private rooms. The lucky ones are going to live, two in a room, in what were formerly the nurses' quarters. The only things holding up the shift are (1) floors which aren't exactly waterproof in spots, and (2) no washtubs as yet. But once these more or less minor details are taken care of everything will be set. Wonder what these Wacs have that Detachments #1 and #2 don't have?

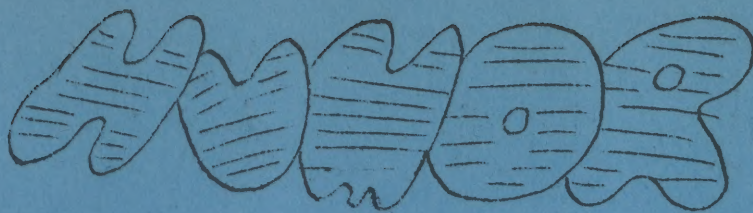
THE LITTLE HOUSE THAT ISN'T THERE - At least, it's not there at this writing. On Tuesday, 5 September, there was delivered to the garage a hutment - to be used, the man said, for a wac waiting room. It is one of these prefabricated buildings, and the parts were all on his truck, ready to be taken off and joined together. But - for some reason or other, the pieces are still pieces and none of the garage personnel agree exactly on the purpose of the building. It will

probably be used as a general waiting room for all garage employees between trips, but don't quote us. For more information, just ask 1st Sgt. Weldon Larey, if you can find him.

SCHOOL-DAYS FOR SERGEANTS - Two Wacs have left Tilton for three weeks in order to go to school. They are 1st Sgt. Marie B. Keppel and Sgt. Claudis R. Nugier, who went to Eastview, N.Y. to attend a special class in "Army Administration and Instruction." Behave yourselves, girls, and be sure to raise your right hands if you want to ask any questions of the teacher.

GIs GET HOOKS ON BOOKS - Miss Vaughn V. Cunningham, director of the Tilton libraries announces that the patients and detachment members read some four thousand six hundred and sixty-eight books during the month of August. If you want comparative figures, this represents an increase of over six hundred books over the month of July. At a late hour the total wordage was estimated by statisticians at two hundred thirty-three million four hundred and fourteen thousand nine hundred and twenty-three words.

FRANKLY SPEAKING - Frank, the Baker in Patients' Mess whipped up a batch of chocolate meringue pies last Monday that ranked with the best of Oscar of the Waldorf or Rembrandt. Truly a culinary work of art and much appreciated by the female members of the TT staff who begged for a handout - and got it.



When the neighbor's boy carelessly kicked a football into the chicken run, the rooster called his flock together and made a speech: "Girls," he crowed to them, "I don't like to complain, BUT look at the work they turn out next door."

Habit

A magician, with his trained parrot, was entertaining the boys on a troop ship. First he picked up one of the boys' pipes, passed it in front of his lips, making a "phewwwwww" sound, and the pipe disappeared. The parrot chimed in with "Ain't that good." Then the magician picked up a helmet, passed it in front of his lips with the sound "phewwwwww" and it, too, disappeared. Again the parrot was heard to say "Ain't that good." He repeated the performance, only this time with a rifle. In the middle of this act a torpedo hit the ship broadside, blowing it to bits, and when the parrot rose to the surface and spied his master he yelled, "Now, what in hell did you do with the ship?"

Baxter Bugle

A liquor, a food and a mattress salesman were sitting at a small table drinking beer and engaging in deep conversation.

The liquor salesman spoke first and said, "You know, I hate to see a woman drink alone."

"I hate to see a woman eat alone," added the food salesman.

The mattress salesman maintained a gentlemanly silence.

Timetable

"Sometimes," said the mistress to the new maid, "it will be necessary for you to help the butler upstairs."

"I understand, Madam," replied the girl, "I drink a bit myself."

Fingal Observer

They were courtmartialing a GI in France for desertion. The case against him looked very black until the officer for the defence arose. "Sir, I admit appearances are against this man. But I propose to prove that in civil life he was a plumber - and he was only going back for his bayonet."

Acquitted.

Greenwood Gremlin

Guard: Halt! Who goes there?
Voibe in the night: You shut your
*****mouth, or I'll come and
knock yer*****head off.

Guard: Pass, friend.

Bomb-Bay Messenger

A young business man, a deacon in his local church, was going to New York on business and while there was to purchase a new sign which was to be hung up in front of the church. He copied the motto and dimensions of the sign but went to New York and left the paper in his coat at home. When he discovered that he had left the paper behind, he wired his wife, "Send motto and dimensions." - An hour later a message came over the wire and the new lady clerk who had just come from lunch and knew nothing of the previous wire, fainted.

When they looked at the message she had just taken, it read, "Unto Us A Child Is Born. 6 feet long and 2 feet wide."

Habit

THE NAME

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THE NAME

IS

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NAME

- DERFLA ACLAR